

Serendipity

by SkullszEyes

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Summary: Alaryn has many quirks and they expand with her and her friends, wandering through the terrains of Orlai and Ferelden.

1. Chapter 1

****Serendipity.****

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><p>(The Western Approach.)

Alaryn Lavallen traveled for several days in The Western Approach with Solas, The Iron Bull and Dorian. A few times she stopped to pick herbs and stones to take back to Skyhold, other times she located more information for the Inquisition. Sometimes coming up empty, other times finding Templars or Venatori skulking around.

Alaryn frowned, she placed her hands on her hips and looked up at the ledge several feet above her. She couldn't believe the trek they just walked up and now she was staring at an obstacle. A hot wind brushed against her face, sweat rolled down her face, her hair and clothes were heavy. The idiots behind her arguing about going around.

Screw going around, she's going up.

She unsheathed her daggers incase they dug into her legs and dropped them into the sand. They plopped down without a sound as she gripped a rock sticking out and pulled herself up.

She was about to reach for another when the rock she was holding onto broke and she toppled down, falling onto her ass. The conversation behind her came to a stop and she didn't bother turning around to see their expressions.

"Uhh.. what are you doing?" Dorian asked.

She ignored him, brushing off the sand. "Dorian, give me a boost!"

He groaned, muttering something about the heat. He bent his legs as she nestled her foot into his cupped hands and lifted. Alaryn gritted her teeth, trying to reach for a rock that wasn't going to break from her added weight.

"Damnit, Dorian, put your back into it!"

The Iron Bull let out a loud laugh, slapping Solas on the back, making him stumble forward. "That's what I said the other night."

Dorian grit his teeth, pulling back and swiftly turning around and glaring at Iron Bull, while Alaryn fell back onto her ass.

Solas frowned as Dorian started to argue with a visible flush of embarrassment on his cheeks.

Alaryn growled, but she hadn't the strength to lift herself up from the hot sand. Solas appeared, offering his hand and from the look of worry crossing his features, she probably looked worse than she felt. "Maybe we should take an easier route instead of climbing the ledge."

Alaryn blinked her eyes a few times and took his hand. "L-Let's head back to camp before I.." She clenched her teeth as pin pricks blotted her sight, and her hand lost its grip in Solas's as she tipped backward into the sand, the last she heard was the multiple voices of Solas, Iron Bull and Dorian before the darkness silenced them out.

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Sometimes she forgot the feeling of a dream when she entered one. It felt too real, familiar and strange. A vast forest, lush grass and the ever blue sky surrounded her. The wind against her face, kissing her skin. Even in her dreams, she felt the utmost peace.

"A calm dreamer." His voice is an occurrence that no longer surprised her. She inhaled and when she opened her eyes, he stood several feet in front of her, exhaling, she smiled.

"More a memory than a dream."

There wasn't much to marvel, just a place with jumbled places that inevitably became one. It never changed, only if a nightmare leaked through and distorted it. This was no nightmare, this was peace, a good sleep, something she clearly needed from all the work.

"It's beautiful," he said.

"Yeah. It is." She looked away, trying to hide the emotion that she was sure he glimpsed. She wanted to wake up so he wouldn't see it, but knew it was too late when he wrapped his hand around her wrist, bringing her attention back to him.

"I miss the Fade, as you miss your life with the Dalish."

She shrugged. "You can go back to the Fade if you wanted, but the Dalish for me is a different matter. It isn't them in particular, just the journey of moving around and enjoying the scenery of the open world. The Inquisition is completely different. A little claustrophobic but I'm glad I made friends, so I'm not disappointed in it, just..."

"Homesick."

She scoffed, brushing his hand off her wrist. "Homesick.. what a strange concept for someone like me." There was no point in denying it, she was home sick, but it was better left pushed to the side, the Inquisition came first before her own needs.

"You don't need to hide your insecurities, Da'len."

Alaryn rolled her eyes, "I keep telling you to quit calling me that, I'm no child."

Solas smiled and everything around her fell, enveloping her in a freezing embrace.

** . . . **

A cold thin air ghost along her skin as she sat up. She was covered in a blanket and was inside a maroon colored tent. She smelled something cooking as Iron Bull laughed, the crinkling of the fire calmed her addled nerves.

She crawled from the tent and noticed Solas sitting with Dorian, The Iron Bull and the soldiers. He smiled when she plopped down beside him, the stories Iron Bull was regaling was turning the soldiers faces red from laughter as they passed around a bottle of Whiskey.

"You've finally awoke, it was quite a dramatic surprise of yours, Inquisitor," Dorian said, nestled beside Iron Bull with a pinkish hue on his cheeks.

Alaryn reached for a piece of cooked meat stacked on a slightly bent plate. "Wasn't dramatic in the least, Dorian. If I didn't do it, you'd probably would."

Iron Bull laughed, wrapping an arm around Dorian who glared in return. "You would. All prissy like too, probably."

Alaryn bit into the meat and almost moaned at the delicious crispy taste with a mild spice added to it. They hadn't eaten since the other night. Work was essential, Alaryn knew that best since she was given the mantel for Inquisitor.

"Are you alright?" Solas asked, he was quiet enough not to gain the attention from the others who were still going on about the fights they've won throughout the week. She missed Varric's stories more, they were always filled with dramatic excitement, if he was here he'd probably over exaggerate about her fainting spell.

"I'm fine," she said while chewing.

"You should get more liquids inside you, we'll be heading back to Skyhold in the morning."

She nodded and took another bite. The second she swallowed her food, she raised her hand, "Pass the bottle, please."

Solas sighed, "I didn't mean that kind of liquid."

Alaryn shrugged as the soldier to her left gave her the bottle, it was about half way finished. "Liquid is liquid, Solas."

"You'll regret that in the morning."

She frowned and looked at him. "Why?" She glanced to Iron Bull who was saying something to Dorian, "Is there more of this?" Shaking the bottle and getting both of their attention, "Are you guys holding back on me?"

"Wasn't our idea, boss, since you fainted and we carried your sorry ass back to camp. Solas told us to hide the bottles."

Before Solas can add his input, and probably an insulting one too. Alaryn shook her head, growling.

"Who cares what he says, Solas doesn't even drink." She took a swig and passed it back to Iron Bull. She grinned and raised her brow at Solas who frowned into the flames.

"I warned you," he said, standing up and maneuvering to the tents where he crawled into one of them.

Alaryn looked back at Dorian and the Iron Bull and scowled. "Why is he always saying that?"

"Maybe it's because all you ever do in your free time is drink," Dorian said while tipping his head back and taking a long swig of the bottle.

Alaryn frowned and picked up a piece of meat. "I don't have a problem with drinking."

"The lie of the day." Iron Bull laughed, taking the bottle from Dorian's hand.

There were days when she didn't drink as much as they thought. She wanted to blame Sera since she lives in the Tavern and enjoys a drink or two. Iron Bull was no different with his special blend that screws her up.

"I don't have a problem.."

"If only that was true," Solas called from the tent, making Alaryn cringe.

"Go to sleep!"

** . . . **

Dorian covered his face with one hand, while he used the other to hold Alaryn's hair as she threw up on the side of the road. Solas and

Iron Bull stood several feet away, watching with their arms crossed. They were a few hours from the next outpost that would direct them back to Skyhold, but the next morning didn't go as smoothly.

"I did warn you," Solas said after a long silence.

Alaryn groaned, brushing Dorian away from her. "Shut. Up."

"No one will want to kiss you two after that," Iron Bull said, chuckling to himself.

Both Dorian and Alaryn glared at him.

Dorian wiped the side of his mouth and frowned, while Alaryn did the same. She was more annoyed by the hangover than Dorian, mostly because Solas wouldn't stop being smug about it the second she threw up.

"This is just great, we would've been there by now," Dorian complained.

Alaryn rolled her eyes, not believing what she just heard. "You're the one who threw up first, and that made me throw up. It was disgusting hearing you, you must be freaking glad no one else was here to see that."

"Yeah, but the ones anyone can take seriously are standing several feet from us with a front row seat. I'm sure we won't live this down and knowing Solas, he won't let you."

He examined his clothes and bent down to pick his staff from the ground. Hissing at the scorching touch, he curled his fingers inward and ice crept along his skin, he made another attempt to pick his staff up. This time with more success.

Alaryn had no such luck as she grabbed her daggers she threw to the ground to save them from herself. She grimaced at the heat tingling through her gloves as she sheathed them into her holsters at her sides.

She and Dorian trudged to Iron Bull and Solas like guilty children. Alaryn diverted her eyes from their smug looks and tried to ignore the dizziness. Her body shook even when she drank most of the water when she woke, from the looks of the bottle Iron Bull is passing to Dorian, he'll be the one finishing it off. Food was the last thing on her mind, she closed her eyes and tried to calm her nerves, but she couldn't and when she felt a hand on her arm she opened her eyes to see Solas standing at her side.

"Don't.. say it," Alaryn warned, gritting her teeth.

"Say what?" he asked, wrapping one arm around her shoulder to keep her upright.

"That you told me so, I get it, alright. I was naive and all I wanted was to drink under the damn winking stars, day breaks and I'm puking my guts."

"I wasn't going to say that." She scoffed, hearing the sarcasm in his voice and the grin that's already splitting his face. He was having

too much fun with her and Dorian's unfortunate predicament, except Dorian is lifted up into Iron Bull's arms while she's leaned against Solas.

"Any plans once we get back to Skyhold?" Solas asked.

Alaryn closed her eyes and leaned her head against the crook of his neck, ignoring how awkward it seemed for the both of them. "A nice hot bath. Sleep. Food. I'll speak with Josephine when I wake. Have to go over more of the plans for the Inquisition, a lot of meetings for the next few weeks."

He hummed. "Is that why you wanted to drink last night?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe? There's another reason?"

She opened her eyes and stared at the burning sand. "Wanted to forget for a bit, hangover is just a spite for my lack of control."

"You? Lack of control?"

"Don't make fun of me, I'm suffering."

"_Your_ suffering?"

Alaryn didn't bother to respond. She closed her eyes and let him lead her, listening to his breathing and Dorian's loud complaints. Three times they stopped so she and Dorian could throw up, emptying their stomachs and dry heaving. Iron Bull kept coming up with stupid jokes about a Tevinter and a Dalish elf meeting in a bar, most of it was lost to Alaryn as she leaned herself into Solas and muttered a thanks.

By the time they made it to the next outpost and to the next, a few men loyal to the Inquisition gave them a cart so she and Dorian could sleep in the back. The Iron Bull and Solas watched over them until they arrived back at Skyhold.

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><p>authors notes:

Hello. Alaryn is what I called my rogue elf. :) I have been randomly writing this, but not too many chapters anyway. :D Mostly just random dialogue while I was actually playing the game. Sometimes I think I'm funny. :/

Anyway, I hope you enjoy.

Reviews are appreciated. No flames or bashing please.

****Serendipity.****

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><p>(Skyhold)

"Why are we standing here?" Sera asked, arms crossed over her chest and looking exceptionally bored. The afternoon sun was covered by the tower behind them, but the groans of the injured refugees could still be heard, along with the crackling of the fire and muttering of several mages.

It's been days since the disaster in the desert and after they arrived back in Skyhold, Alaryn got her bath, food and was now ready for more Inquisition meetings. The current one was greeting a Qunari. Alaryn and Sera stood at the bottom of the stairs, across from the gates, awaiting the visitors.

Alaryn sighed, she talked with Iron Bull of forming some type of relationship with the Qunari's that were willing to help the Inquisition, it took awhile for Iron Bull's sources to give him a decent report and when it came in. Iron Bull told her all the specifics, he wasn't entirely sure if she was Tal Vashoth, but they'll find out when she gets there.

Sema - the Qunari agent gave a date and time of when she'll arrive. This was two weeks ago and today, Sema would be here and Alaryn was determined to gain her approval.

Alaryn heard many disturbing stories from Iron Bull about the Qunari's lifestyle, he didn't bother sugarcoating it. She just knew having an alliance would help greatly.

"And why am I here?" Sera asked, glaring at the black wrought gate and the empty bridge beyond.

Alaryn bit her lip. She of all people knew Sera wasn't the type of person she'd bring to meetings like this. "Cassandra and Vivienne kind of scare me, their air of authority consumes my own."

Sera chuckled and bumped shoulders with Alaryn. "It's the alcohol thing. Trust me, get some in them, they'll have no one to blame but themselves."

Alaryn considered it, but before going into any type of thought, she caught the sight of a few people walking toward the gates. She whistled for the guards who pulled the chains and lifted the gate, inviting the visitors inside.

Sera almost gasped out loud and Alaryn was surprised she didn't do just that when her own gasp was caught.

"Dibs!" Sera bumped her shoulder again, except harder.

Alaryn glared, "No. This is my meeting, I get dibs!"

"What are you two talking about?"

They turned to see Josephine, Cullen, Leliana, Cassandra coming down

the slope. Blackwall, Iron Bull and Solas were not too far off.

"You said it was just me," Sera said, crossing her arms as she turned back to the Qunari and her entourage making their way toward them.

"I didn't know they were going to show up," Alaryn said, standing straighter.

Sema, like most Qunari was tall, broad, with long white hair pushed back, she was clad in armour and at her sides were two long blades with different edges. She frowned, her eyes were a sheen of a speckled rock underneath clear water.

Alaryn and Sera couldn't stop staring, even after Leliana, Cassandra, Cullen, and Josephine walked past them. Solas stood with Iron Bull and Blackwall, talking about Qunari specifics.

An idea came to Alaryn, she nudged Sera's arm with her elbow and leaned to her side so the others wouldn't hear her whisper. "We could both.. you know.."

Sera let out a laugh that caught the others attention. Yet she didn't care as they turned back. "Both, before she leaves?"

Alaryn nodded, "Yeah."

"Okay."

Leliana glanced over her shoulder, "Inquisitor."

Alaryn composed herself and walked through the parted crowd to greet her guests. They all ended up in the war room, to Sera's displeasure, she wasn't allowed in, a rule made by Cassandra. Sema turned out to be Tal Vashoth. In similar regards to Iron Bull, she was a spy. By the time the meeting ended, Alaryn walked through the halls to the kitchen only to bump into Sera.

"So?"

"I've lost interest."

Sera raised her brows, blinking a few times in disbelief. "You. Lost interest? Was she boring?"

"Not really? She's interesting, but being in the same room with someone who speaks about how freedom is incredibly important and that the Qun are lacking redundancy. You get bored after awhile."

Sera grimaced and followed Alaryn into the kitchen where they picked at the new foods that arrived and made their escape through several halls and into the atrium where Solas was. He raised his brow as Alaryn bit into an apple and waved.

He placed his hands behind his back. "Famished after the meeting, the Qunari said some sensible topics, did she not, Inquisitor?"

Sera rolled her eyes and stuck her tongue out at Solas. "Bored this one says." Nudging Alaryn in the side. "Of course you wouldn't know what we were talking about, you've no one but yourself to speak

too."

Solas met Alaryn's gaze and frowned. "I have an inkling."

"Blah. Blah. Blah. You always have one. Come on, I want to know more about _Sema_." Sera almost purred the Qunari's name as she pulled Alaryn through the door that led out into the outside walkway. They sat on the edge and ate their food.

Alaryn explained in utmost detail and when she finished, Sera dropped a piece of her bread on an Orlesian walking underneath the walkway, they both burst into fits of laughter.

Sera smiled wide as she swung her legs off the ledge and stood. "Nice talk. Gotta go win my sovereigns back from Varric."

Good luck with that. "Yeah.." Alaryn lingered on the ledge a bit longer, enjoying the crisp air and her time alone, but her luck only proved so little when she heard a creak. She looked over her shoulder and raised her brow at Solas standing in the doorway. He smiled as he closed it behind him.

"Taking a break from your research?"

"Yes. Needed some fresh air and to clear my mind." For some reason she couldn't believe that, but she took his excuse.

He held an air of superiority, his hands tucked behind his back, chin high and back straight. He kept his eyes on her and if she wasn't careful, he'd read her expressions and body movements, and that will expose her thoughts.

She smirked at the challenge as she turned around and crossed one leg over the other. "I hope my company won't disturb your need of fresh air."

He stepped closer and she felt more of a prey in his presence, unlike other times. "I don't mind your company, Inquisitor. I wanted to ask about earlier with you and Sera."

She curled her fingers and scraped her nails against the ledge, her eyes finding the ground yet her own smile never left her lips as she felt him move closer, leaving a startling warmth in her body without touching her.

"What would you like to know?" Alaryn narrowed her eyes at him and placed her hands into her lap. Waiting for him to get to the point.

"You and Sera's mutual attraction to Sema. Never thought you'd have.. a.. an arrangement-"

"I didn't." She interrupted, "I get bored of people quite easily, Solas. Talking to Sema and learning her views were enlightening, but I'd rather hear Iron Bull's opinions. Better yet, Varric's made up stories."

Solas nodded, looking almost timid as he placed his hands at his sides. "Right. I didn't mean to pry, it's just you never speak of your affairs with anyone."

Alaryn rolled her eyes and sighed. "You're making me sound worse than I am. I don't have affairs, Solas. Haven't found the right person yet." She wasn't even sure if she'd ever would. The Inquisition was her top priority, a relationship would deter most of her attention and she couldn't have that.

"So you amuse Sera for what reason?" he asked, moving closer, his leg almost brushing her own.

She shrugged. "There's no amusement. At the time, I was interested and now I'm not."

"So you would've gone through with it?" He looked past her and from the look of confusion crossing his face, she decided to indulge his strange fascination with her relationship status.

"You make it sound difficult. I would've, if I was more interested, but I'm not."

"You don't mind voyeurism?"

She couldn't help laughing, even though he didn't look amused by his question. She gripped the ledge and tried calming down, but it replayed inside her head over and over. The seriousness of his face only made it worse.

"Are you quite finished?"

She nodded, covering her face. "Oh.. damnit. You make it more complicated. Why are curious about what I do behind closed doors anyway?"

Solas shrugged, taking a step back. "No reason."

She dropped her hands into her lap. "Really?" Whatever tension he brought was gone, faded into the wind and she felt a pain in her chest. A want to reach out and grab his hands to pull him back.

"Yes. I should be getting back." With an awkward pause, he muttered 'Inquisitor' and walked through the door, leaving her alone.

After a few seconds in silence, she bit her lip and stood. "Well that isn't strange." Without bothering to walk into the rookery where he'd ignore her, she went to Cullen's, waved and headed out the door and walking through the shambled room across only to come out on the other end where the stairs were. The tavern bard's whimsical voice pulled her in and she didn't bother fighting her urge.

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><p>authors notes: I've started over my Dragon Age game and I decided to flirt with Solas and Cullen and I realized that Solas is intense while Cullen is passionate. :D

Anyway, this won't be strictly Solas x Lavellan. Probably not so much anyway, normality in all.

Reviews are appreciated. No flames or bashing please.

End
file.